

Poems About Imam Hussein A.S And Ashura

By: Ghadirestan Center

بسم الله الرحمن الرحیم

Collection of Poems about Imam Hussain (a.s) and Ashura

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Collection of Poems about Imam Hussain (a.s) and Ashura

ID Book

Collection of Poems about Imam Hussain (a.s) and Ashura

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Some Hadiths regarding Imam Hussein a.s

قال رسول الله (صلى الله عليه و آله): أَحَبَّ اللَّهُ مَنْ أَحَبَّ حُسَيْناً

The Holy Prophet (s.a.w.s) said: God loves whoever loves (Imam) al-Husain. (Kaamil al-Ziyaraat, Pg. ٥٢)

.قال الصادق (عليه السلام): مَوْضِعُ قَبْرِ الْحُسَيْنِ بْنِ عَلِيٍّ ع مُنْذُ يَوْمَ دُفِنَ فِيهِ رَوْضَةٌ مِنْ رِيَاضِ الْجَنَّه

Imam Jafar al-Sadiq (as): The place where (Imam) al-Husain is buried has been one of Paradise Gardens since he was buried therein. (Kaamil al-Ziyaraat, Pg. ٢٧١)

قال الصادق (عليه السلام): مَنْ أَرَادَ اللَّهُ بِهِ الْخَيْرَ قَذَفَ فِي قَلْبِهِ حُبَّ الْحُسَيْنِ ع وَ حُبَّ زِيَارَته.

Imam Jafari Sadiq (a.s): Once Allah wishes to do a favor to someone, He makes them love (Imam) al-Husain and his pilgrimage. (Kaamil al-Ziyaraat, Pg. ١۴٢).)

عَنْ سَلْمَانَ الْفَارِسِيِّ رَضِيَ اللَّهِ عَنْهُ، قَالَ دَخَلْتُ عَلَى النَّبِيِّ (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ آلِهِ)، فَإِذَا الْحُسَيْنُ بْنُ عَلِيٍّ عَلَى فَخِذِهِ وَ تَفَرَّسَ فِي وَجْهِهِ وَ قَبَّلَ بَيْنَ عَيْنَيْهِ وَ قَالَ: أَنْتَ سَيِّدُ ابْنُ سَيِّدٍ، أَنْتَ إِمَامُ ابْنُ إِمَامٍ أَخُو إِمَامٍ، أَبُو أَئِمَّهِ، أَنْتَ حُجَّهُ اللَّهِ ابْنُ حُجَّهِ اللَّهِ، وَ أَبُو حُجَجٍ تِسْعَهٍ مِنْ صُلْبِكَ تَاسِعُهُمْ قَائِمُهُمْ

According to Salman (Allah blesses him) : " I dropped in on the Prophet (P.B.U.H) and there he was al-Husain on his thigh and he was kissing him in his eyes and mouth and saying: " You are a master, a son of a master, a brother of a master and a father of masters; you are an imam, a son of imam, a brother of an imam and a father of imams; you are a hujja (a complete authority), a son of a hujja, a brother of a hujja and a father of hujaj (pl. of hujja); of your offsprings the ninth is The Qa'im (standing) between them.

(Maqtal al-Husayn by al-Khawarizmy p.١۴۶)

عَنْ أَبِی بَصِیر عَنْ أَبِی جَعْفَرٍ (علیه السلام) قَالَ: بَکَتِ الْإِنْسُ وَ الْجِنُّ وَ الطَّیْرُ وَ الْوَحْشُ عَلَى الْحُسَیْنِ بْنِ عَلِیٍّ ع حَتَّى ذَرَفَتْ دُمُوعُهَا.

:Abu Baseer narrates that Imam Baqir (AS) said

The humans, the jinn, the birds and the wild beasts (all) mourned and wept over (the (tragedy which befell) Husain Ibn A'li (AS). (Kaamil al-Ziyaraat, Pg. ٧٩

Imam Hussein a.s

Hussain is of Me

Husain is of Me

(By: Shaikh Safdar Razi (Slightly edited

:Refrain

Husain is of me, Husain is of me

And I am of Husain

Husain is of me, Husain is of me

And I am of Husain

Can you hear the Prophet

?Calling to Husain

He is crying

.In grief and in pain

Every day is Ashura

Every land is Karbala

When you reach Naynawa

You'll return to Allah

Be strong, O my son

When Akbar falls to earth

Be strong, O my son

When Asghar will be hurt

When Abbas will fall

And Sukayna will call

Be strong, like a wall

I'll be with you all

Don't give up what's right

When Akbar goes to fight

All history will write

What happened in your sight

I'll be with you

You'll be with me

I am of you

You are of me

I'll be with you

You'll be with me

I am with you

You are with me

Savior of Islam

Savior of Islam

By: Anonymous

You were the one who saved Islam

p: ۲

Oh Hussain you were always calm

You went around giving money to the poor and needy

You helped the blind and showed the right to the greedy

You dressed in a simple and mannered way

Never letting the poor go in disarray

Arrows came, knifes and the spear

You saved Islam from that tyrant who drank beer

While praying, like your father you were killed

A huge gap in this world could not be filled

In the battlefield you were brave

In Karbala people visit your holy grave

Then came the day of your great sacrifice

On the Day of Judgment your enemy will pay the price

Karbala is when Skies wept blood

.We all shed tears that would equal a massive flood

?What was wrong with the tyrants, who slapped your youth

?Did they not know your message was the truth

Hassan And Hussain were the youths Of Paradise

?Why did the tyrants then not listen to their advice

,As long as I'm with Hussein

.I'm following Allah's Lane

Imam Hussain (A.S) Poem

Imam Hussain (A.S)Poem

By: Anonymous

A poem for Imam Hussain is what I'm going to read

For I know this is by far the greatest deed

My love for you Ya Imam is so true

I will Shout Hussain, heartbroken if only you knew

And my Tears will drop in vain for you

;You are so close to my heart

.from it you will never depart

p: ٣

You were born on the ٣rd of Sha’ban

You were a gift from The Rahman

Your father was Al-Hayder

The man who lifted the door of khayber

He was the first Imam

And also one of the first to embrace Islam

Your mother was Al Zahra, She loved you so much

Whenever you spoke, her heart was always touched

Without resting day and night

you fought against Yazid to show everyone the right

I saw your heart in deep pain

It left you when you were slain

You all fought in vein

Soon your friends and family were left in chains

Thanks to you Islam is still the true path and same

We are living and we are breathing your name

.Your children and the successor Imam Abideen

.Were parts of a great masoomeen

Did they not know you were a part of the Ahlul-Bayt

.On the day of Judgement they will await their fate

Hussain's Sermon

Hussain thundered: "۰, wretches you

.Before the swine pearls I threw

Don't venom spit in religion's name

.Comprehend I do, your noxious game

When degeneration marks its way

.An entire nation goes astray

Delusion, do not let you sway

.Confounded whims induce decay

For you is mild profoundest hell

.That infernal jail can't match you well

A hideous deed, sponsor not

Save your conscience, mend your lot

Erase and efface your sins' stains

With tainted conscience, no one gains

The lure, the virtuous to pursue

.The crass chase it, to grab it, run

p: ۴

This pathless desolation, do not tread

Tis disquietude, self-imposed dread'

Don't your conscience push and goad

".Vainly, trudge not a craggy road

I Salute You, O my Master, O my Leader, My Imam

I Salute You, O my Master, O my Leader, My Imam

(By: Sahan (Ali Haider Abidi

There's a story of a pious saint, who's a beacon of light

He's the fourth 'noor' in succession, to the prophet of Islam

He's the grandson of Fatima, and Ameer-ul-Momeneen

He's the son of Husain the, greatest martyr of the world

And he's the son of Shaherbanu, who was the princess of Iran

!I SALUTE YOU, O MY MASTER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O MY MASTER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

He saw the tradegy in Karbala, the massacres back and forth

He saw brothers and uncles, and cousins slain in war

He saw the friends and companions, of his father fall in rows

He saw the aftermath - the night of sorrow, and the tents go down in flames

He cried for his father, and the others who were slain

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE CRIER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE CRIER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

He was chained in the day that, followed Ashura

He was burdened with the heavy, iron clasped round his neck

He was made to journey many, many miles all on foot

He was bleeding from the blisters, and the cuts and the wounds

p: ۵

He was flogged and struck by many, of the Zaalimoon

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE TORTURED!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE TORTURED!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

Streets of Kufa and of Shaam, and the events thereof

People stoning the imam, and the family of Mustafa

Heads of shuhada were on lances, of the enemy of Islam

And imam was bleeding, both in body and his soul

Even in this environment, he proclaimed the word of God

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE TEACHER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE TEACHER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

In a prison with the ladies, and the children he was thrown

In a prison that was roofless, and so ruthless were the guards

In a prison not protected, from sunlight, rain or cold

The prison where he buried, his little sister, four years old

who was martyred by frequent torture, just for crying for their folk

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE PRISONER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE PRISONER!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

O the muttaqi who's the leader, of those who bow to God

O the saint who cries everytime, when he remembers God

He gets so immersed in his prayers, that he notices nothing more

And he sensed not the fire that, took down his house in flames

He did'nt know till he wound up, his submission to his lord

!I SALUTE YOU, ORNAMENT OF, THE WORSHIPPERS, MY IMAM

p: ۶

!I SALUTE YOU, ORNAMENT OF, THE WORSHIPPERS, MY IMAM

He's the one who gave alot to, seekers of salvation

He's the one who taught when none, was allowed his lessons

He taught by praying to Allah, sending teachings to the world

He gave us many hidden pearls, in his hidden words of wisdom

The sahifa al-sajjadiya, his own treasure he passed to us

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE SAINT WHO, TAUGHT BY PRAYERS, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, O THE SAINT WHO, TAUGHT BY PRAYERS, MY IMAM

This was the story of the pious saint, who's a beacon of light

the fourth 'noor' in succession, to the prophet of Islam

Many centuries have gone by, but we wont forget imam

May Allah by the virtue, of Zain-ul-Abedeen

Bless Sahan and the people, who remember his Ehsaan

!I SALUTE YOU, THE INTERCESSOR!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

!I SALUTE YOU, THE INTERCESSOR!, O MY LEADER!, MY IMAM

Thar Allah

Thar Allah

By: Abu Mahdi al-Iraqi

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Karbala

Is on our Mind

Let us see what we can find

From the lives

of Husayn's men

Who wrote the truth with a bloody pen

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

p: ۷

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

In our heart

,There lies a scar

Carved in by Ali Akbar

Young indeed

But there was the need

For the wrath of a lion heart

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

And of Abbas

What can we say

Look at his body at the end of the day

Bloodied and cleaved

Now perceive

The faith of a soldier who truly believed

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Hurr the free

Was able to see

The clarity of the Imam's plea

His switched his side

And changed the tide

And rush to his death with battle pride

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

There's Habib

Wishing to be

The first cut down by the enemy

His loyalty

Was completely

For the son of Imam Ali

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

p: ٨

Hussain is the rising sword of God

And there's Sa'eed

Ready to bleed

For the sake of Muhammad's creed

In salat

The arrows he'd shield

.Till his fate was finally sealed

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Zuhayr the pure

Was more than sure

To join Husayn and not linger

Leaving his town

He won't let him down

He fought till he won a martyr's crown

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

As-hab al-Husayn

Brutally slain

Taught the world to overcome its pain

All aboard

Seeking their Lord

Their blood finally overcame the sword

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Men like these

Can't be appeased

Carry the future of our species

Monks by night

Waiting to fight

Changed into lions at first daylight

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Ya Mahdi

Adriknee

Save this world from tyranny

p: ٩

And liberate

Islam's fate

From the yoke of those who hate

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Unity

is the fee

That we all must clearly see

To stand up tall

And not fall

We must form one solid wall

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

Thar Allah, Thar Allah

Hussain is the rising sword of God

The Symbol of Strength

The Symbol of Strength

By: Anonymous

Husain you are the symbol of strength

And brave you will always be

Husain, your name is in my heart

And your love will live with me

Husain, for your religion

You gave your soul and life

Towards your heart, an arrow of sadness

On your neck, a deadly knife

All of your family endured the pain

Your sisters and brothers, sons and wives

Husain, your name is in my heart

And your love will live with me

Husain you are the symbol of strength

And brave you will always be

Husain, your name is in my heart

And your love will live with me

Husain, I shed so many tears

When I remember what happened to you

My love for you is in my heart

And my tears tell you it's true

p: ١٠

My tears fall for your brother Abbas

His hands and life he gave for you

Husain, your name is in my heart

And your love will live with me

Husain you are the symbol of strength

And brave you will always be

Husain, your name is in my heart

And your love will live with me

Wa Hussaina

Wa Hussaina

Inspired by the Arabic version

Fi tufoofi tusba Zaynab lil-la'eeni

Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni

*Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

When in Karbala

The soldiers of Yazid

,Shackled Zainab

,Choking back her tears

,She cried out in pain

"?Where are you, Husain"

Wa habeeba, wa habeeba, wa habeeba

Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba Zaynab lil-la'eeni

Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni

*Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

,But your body lay

,Trampled and slain

.Lifeless on the sand

And your holy head

thrust atop a spear

.Severed by shimr's hand

Wa qateela, wa qateela, wa qateela

Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba Zaynab lil-la'eeni

Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni

*Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

You gave everything

In a strange land

.To bring back true Islam

;You're Qur'an in red

We who heed your call

.Will never be misled

Wa ghareeba, wa ghareeba, wa ghareeba

Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba Zaynab lil-la'eeni

Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni

*Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

,Centuries away

,Even here today

.Your sacrifice lives on

p: ١١

Your light revives our hearts

;And guides us to your path

!We're with you, O Imam

Wa Imaama, wa Imaama, wa Imaama

Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina

Fi tufoofi tusba Zaynab lil-la'eeni

Wa tunadi ayna anta ya mu'eeni

*Wa Hussaina, wa Hussaina, Hussaina

Translation: "In Karbala, Zaynab was taken captive to the cursed one. She cried out, !""Where are you, my supporter, O Husain, O Husain, O Husain

Spirit of Husain

Spirit of Husain

By: Anonymous

Spirit of Husain, pious strong and brave

Take us as shaheed; take us as your slave

Spirit of Husain, pious strong and brave

Take us as shaheed;take us as your slave

O you lonely hearts, shattered by the pain

Hear how every tear shouts out Husain's name

The call of Al-Husain echoes from age to age

Every saddened face holds a sacred place

?O you tearful ones, can you see the child

?Can you see him smile, hold him for a while

?Can you hear him cry, see tears in his eyes

This was our Husain, Ali Asghar was his pain

?O fearless Abbas! Where are your sacred hands

?Where are your shining arms? Plundered on the sands

?Where is your valiant heart? Where is your sword so sharp

!Quench their thirst -- so pure, brave you surely were

Daughter of Haydar, your pure heart bears the scars

Beloved of Batul, you felt their hate so cruel

Sisters in Islam, imagine yourselves in Shaam

You're the heirs of dear Zaynab, holding to hijaab

p: ١٢

Upon each Ashura, our hearts ache for Husayn

The suffering of Rabab, of Zaynab and Sajjad

Our blood flows through our veins, burning with your name

Our love for Rasul Allah calls us to Karbala

Farewell O Husain, let's leave this wretched place

And by Allah's will, in jannah we'll kiss your face

Farewell Sayyid Sajjad, farewell O dear Zaynab

Farewell O Karbala, we come to Madinah

Epilogue

,Eternity will, his name preserve

(A place of honour reserve (conserve

,In radiance, divine, glows his name

.Kindles the universe, the eternal flame

.Devilry tide, vehemently, surged

To Hussain we owe, our piety do

Adore and love his chivalry too

,perpetual, endless, boundless, same

.Glorious, for ever, prevail his fame

,Tempests, storms and gales, did blow

,This taper retained its divine glow

,Howled tornadoes, did hurricanes rush

,This eternal bloom they could not crush

,Forward, forward, on and on

.Kept on the move Hussain's caravan

,Hussain did achieve his basic aim

(an eternal triumph, he could claim)

,For the faith's (tomorrow), his (today) he gave

.Laid down his life, Islam did save

With pride and love, his name we quote

.Who, with his own blood, history wrote

.His deeds will (neglect) never meet

.Oblivion, his name will not greet

This tale of endurance, hardihood

has the test of time well stood

Imam Hussain in the Battlefield

,To lay down life, he forward surged"

.Upon the foe, a lion converged

,Bedecked was he by an aureole crown

p: ١٣

.Immortal fashioned from entrenched renown

,A conundrum he was indeed

Signified glory, though heart did bleed

,Splendid, dignified, distinguished

.Tormented, distraught, hurt, anguished

,Though with chivalry, to the end, he fought

"The renegades got the prize, sought

,The job concluded, the camp ransacked"

.For final departure, the hoodlums packed

,They called my guests by the 'prisoners' name

(!As prisoners left, as guests who came)

,With 'watery eyes'; and heaving swell

".Shattered my being) I said, farewell)

A soul searing, sad finale

.Woeful 'tis, but a glorious tale

Surrounded by the enemies of Islam

The torrent stem, keep him at bay

.Hold your own, and win the day

Hussain observed him, did not move

.Beckoning the renegade; to act and prove

Face to face when Hussain he saw

.The foe was overwhelmed, with awe

Ravished he was by the dazzling scene

Such angelic face had never seen

With celestial sheen his visage bestowed

In propitious luster glistened, glowed

So intense was the divine hue

.His sight could not endure to view

By the glorious sight he was dazed

.But looked on still; gaped and gazed

Meeting the Enemy

Hussain was coaxed to change his heart

Induced, to play that heathen's part

Adamant to surrender, though he remained

.Aggression he shunned, conflict abstained

:Hussain, explicitly, did explain

.Vain, ۰' Yazid, is temporal gain"

Through calumnious and dissolute ways

.Your prevaricate what the Prophet says

Your evanescent, sordid, slippery boon

.will vanish, like a mirage; too soon

The morbid manoeuvers; you deploy

.Islam will ruin, the faith destroy

Through muddled thinking and notions dark

On a feckless mission do not embark

.Potentially hazardous whims dispel

.This mood of bleak despair expel

This sense of spiritual emptiness

.By rational thinking do suppress

Sanity do not in this bog sink

And push Islam to disaster's brink

Decay of the faith, I do perceive

.The Prophet's mission I will retrieve

Like a looming disc, on the horizon

.Poised is the religion's setting sun

To bury the hatchet, and heal the breach

.I show an olive-branch; peace I preach

A vain strife do not provoke

.Save your necks from a hellish yoke

Listen to me for goodness' sake

Why We Cry

By: Shaikh Ali Abu Talib

.Don't think our cries are too extreme

.Theres good reason for grown men to scream

;Our actions aren't of those insane

.We weep in thikr of Husayn

When the guilty kills the innocent

,To usurp Islamic Government

?Should not a Muslim cry in pain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.Reflect on Husayn's flawless fame

.Reflect on Yazeed, steeped in shame

,Shall not the heart be pierced by woe

?When the Khalif is Al-Islam's foe

,Oh what a dark, sad thought to bear

.It breaks the heart, moves joy to tear

.That's why our tears fall down like rain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.A heart of stone's too hard to cry

p: ۱۵

.A mind that's closed won't wonder why

.A foolish man is deaf and blind

.A coward always stays in line

.But a soul that prostrates on it's face

With trembling heart, seeking God's Grace

.Won't hide from Truth, can't hide the pain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.The Khalif chose vile tricks, and lies

.Husayn chose death, not compromise

;This Prophet's son would not bow down

Preferring death to being bound

.To evil Hind's Satanic Son

.So with his death The Imam won

.Islam's loss was Islam's gain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

,Oh what a brave and selfless deed

;To give up life for Islam's creed

To sacrifice both friend, and kin

.To show the world Islam from sin

?Are you confused which side is right

?How would you stand if called to fight

.Are you aware just who was slain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

The leader of The Garden's Youth

.Was murdered by a drunk uncouth

;Understand the scene my friend

.An angel murdered by a jinn

;A jinn who held the Ummah's reins

A womanizer half insane

.Condemned to death The Chaste Husayn

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.A Nimrod in Islamic Guise

.A whore in veils. Truth mixed with lies

.An Ummah fooled by slight of hand

.One raised his voice. One dared to stand

An Abraham who chose The Flames

.Rejecting falsehood's kingly claims

.An Abel who opposed a Cain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

How could a demon rise so high

;To cause the Prophet's son to die

p: ۱۶

;To kill him with the Muslim's sword

?And in The Name Of Prophet's Lord

?Can might make right, and rule God's Deyn

?Then how did things get so obscene

?How will we ever clean the stain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.They wouldn't let Husayn's men drink

.And now they will not let you think

.They barred them from a river clear

.They bar you from a knowledge dear

,The fence your mind with bigotry

.And tie your hands with apathy

?Why should a Muslim not feel pain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

.These Yazeeds kill for crown, and purse

,At least Muslims can spit and curse

.But many think the cost too high

.So they obey the ones who lie

.They would not allow Husayn a drink

,And now they won't let Muslims think

.And those who think, they call insane

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

;The world's a Karbala, a desert dry

,And Quran's a river flowing by

And Ishtahad's a water skin

.That's cool and filled for thirsty men

?Where is Abbas with what we need

.His canteen was pierced with shafts of greed

.Our thirst is not from lack of rain

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

,Though martyrdom gave Abbas wings

.Thirst remains and grief still stings

.But tears alone won't slake our thirst

.Tears by themselves can make things worse

Who will stand? Who will try

;To speak The Truth ... To stand ... To die

?To cause a tyrant's moon to wane

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

p: ۱۷

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

!Husayn! Husayn! Husayn! Husayn

,Oh Allah Bless Muhammad's Soul

.And Rain Down Peace On His Household

Composed by Shaykhy Ali Abu-Talib son of AbdunNur

.La ilaha illal-Llah. Muhammadar-Rasulul-Llah

Aliyan Ameerul-Mumaneen, Imamul-Mutaqeen. Fatimatuz-Zahrah Sayyidatil-Nisal-Alameen. Allahu Akbar.

(Hussain, the Grandson of the Prophet (S

A holy war it means, indeed

.If waged to crush the devil's creed

No rancour, 'gainst you, I hold

.But faith do cherish - as I told

Islam I will resolutely shield

.Burnt will stand and never yield

(Would welcome death (and make it tame

":Would rather die than live in shame

Your Prophet's scion I'm - you know"

.At least some regard to his name show

His singular dictum is my creed

Universal good" I adore, indeed"

Ali, the paragon, the seraphic Imam

Cham of the faith, the shield of Islam

Inimitable, impeccable: I am his son

.His peerless attributes I have won

My heart is virtues' abode and nest

Blessedness harbors in my breast

Condone the rule of right, I do

And believe, that right is might too

Your vulgar sway vanquish I will

This sacred duty will fulfill

My soul is couched on eminence

.I was born with a divine sense

Hadrat Zaynab a.s

Tortured Oppressed Zaynab

Tortured Oppressed Zaynab

By: Anonymous

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Can you see the tearful journey

Can you hear the crying

Can you feel the lonley yearning

Witnessed they the dying

p: ١٨

Floods of tears from tortured faces

Hearts wounded by years of pain

Murdered they the holy traces

Murdered they Husain

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

O my sister ya Zaynab

Lonely heart of mourning

Sweet Rabab, her gentle tears

Witnessed they the dawning

Seeth they the cursed tyrants

Slaughtering the sinless ones

Karbala your soil is burning

With the blood of martyred ones

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Treaded then with flaming footsteps

From the burning mire

Searched then for the hope of orphans

Emerging from the fire

Where is Husain my beloved

Crieth then Rabab

Call to Allah, my dear sweetheart

Pleaded then Zaynab

Call out to him, ya Husain

Reach out to him, O in vain

Call out to him, ya husain

Trampled they with hooves of steel

Crushed Imam ma'soum

Surely then he fueled the fire

Yazid Al-Mal'oun

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Searched then for faithful Abbas

Sayyid Abal Faadhil

Zaynab O your tearful eyes

Witnessed fearless Abbas fall

Called out to him O my brother

Where are we to turn

Taketh they our only hijab

Dignity they burn

Call out to him, ya Abbas

Reach out to him, O Allah

Tortured then was their new leader, Ali Al-Sajjad

Dragged was he to distant places

Helpless and enchained

Called out he did ya Allah

Dragged was he from Karbala

Never I could hold my tears

Flowing from my heart

Imam Zain al-Abideen

Watched them wrenched apart

p: ۱۹

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Zainab who they dragged in chains

Beaten hurt and crying

Although tortured never broken

Never would be lying

Cold as she too led the mu'mins

Lives without husain

Never will our souls be broken

Never be ashamed

Call all mu'mins, ya Husain

Rise O mu'mins, for Husain

Make jihad against the tyrants, mu'min and mu'minaat

Never bow to the will of leaders when the power is God's

Call all mu'mins, ya 'Ali

Rise O mu'mins for al-Madhi

Make jihad against the tyrants, mu'min and mu'minaat

Never bow to the will of leaders when the power is God's

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

Tortured oppressed Zaynab

I'm Zaynab

I'm Zaynab

By: Anonymous

I'm Zaynab

All my life I lived in pain

I'm Zaynab

I died when I lost Husain

I am the mother of sorrows

Wherever I go, woe follows

I am the mother of sorrows

Wherever I go, woe follows

I'm Zaynab

All my life I lived in pain

I'm Zaynab

I died when I lost Husain

My grief started when I lost mankind's true mercy

After that loss, I lost Zahra, and then 'Ali

The broken rib, the struck head of 'Ali haunts me

My grief deepened seeing Hassan dying slowly

How can I live now without you, my dear

How can I see your head shine on a spear

I am the mother of sorrows

Wherever I go, woe follows

I am the mother of sorrows

p: ٢٠

Wherever I go, woe follows

I'm Zaynab

All my life I lived in pain

I'm Zaynab

I died when I lost Husain

My heart was shattered on the day Husain was killed

The day of ۱۰th when the whole world with blood was filled

Upon my mind, sorrow and pain was instilled

O Lord, let our small sacrifice be now fulfilled

O Shi'a, when you're thirsty, say his name

O Shi'a, curse the one who lit the flame

I am the mother of sorrows

Wherever I go, woe follows

I am the mother of sorrows

Wherever I go, woe follows

I'm Zaynab

All my life I lived in pain

I'm Zaynab

I died when I lost Husain

Be Strong Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab

By Elwiyyah Al-Mousavi

Be strong Zaynab

After I go

Be strong Zaynab

Don't cry so

Be strong Zaynab

You have to fight

Be strong Zaynab

Show them what's right

Be strong Zaynab

Your task is great

Be strong Zaynab

This is our fate

Be strong Zaynab

Don't let Sukaina cry

Be strong Zaynab

After I die

Be strong Zaynab

Stand up to Yazid

Be strong Zaynab

And you will succeed

Be strong Zaynab

The'll burn down the tents

Be strong Zaynab

Soldiers will be sent

Be strong Zaynab

When you see my head

Be strong Zaynab

More tears do not shed

Be strong Zaynab

Look after Ali

Be strong Zaynab

He's sick you can see

Be strong Zaynab

Chains will be on your feet

p: ۲۱

Be strong Zaynab

Yazid you will defeat

Be strong Zaynab

Now I must leave

Be strong Zaynab

Success you'll achieve

Be strong Zaynab

Don't shed more tears

Be strong Zaynab

Don't let Sukaina hear

Be strong Zaynab

I know you're strong

Be strong Zaynab

!Zaynab, be strong

Be Strong Zaynab, Second Version

Be Strong Zaynab, Second Version

Rewritten by: Saliha Devoe-Hijazi

Be Strong Zaynab: Listen to me Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab: Listen to me Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab: After I go

Be Strong Zaynab: Don't cry so

Be Strong Zaynab: Your task is great

Be Strong Zaynab: Jihad is our fate

Be Strong Zaynab: Speak Truth Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab: Your burden will be heavy

Be Strong Zaynab: Know the name you carry

Be Strong Zaynab:You are from Nabi

Be Strong Zaynab: Daughter of Ali

Be Strong Zaynab: In the image of Zahra

Be Strong Zaynab: Beloved of Allah

Be Strong Zaynab: Zaynab be strong

Be Strong Zaynab: Listen to me Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab: Listen to me Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab: Hear these words I've said

Be Strong Zaynab: When you see my head

Be Strong Zaynab: And my body broken

Be Strong Zaynab: Hear these words I've spoken

Be Strong Zaynab: When your heart is hurting

Be Strong Zaynab: When your ankles are bound

Be Strong Zaynab: When they drag you before the crowds

Stand up Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab

Your feet are bloody Zaynab

Your heart is hurting Zaynab

p: ۲۲

Sukayna's Mourning Zaynab

Stand Up Zaynab

Be Strong Zaynab

I love you Zaynab

Love of My Heart

Love of My Heart

By: Anonymous

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Zaynab, my sweet

They will bind both your feet

They will tear off your veil

They will come for Ali

They will curse him 'cause of me

They will torture him you'll see

And we'll never be far

From the pain of Ashura

From the pain of Ashura

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

They will curse Moustafa

And my father Morteza

For they hate all that's good

All the good for which they stood

From my mother they did steal

But the truth Allah revealed

And we'll never be far

From the pain of Fatimah

From the pain of Fatimah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

p: ۲۳

Where the sand lies dry as hell

Where the holy blood did spill

...Where the souls of martyrs dwell

O my Zaynab do not fear

Know Allah is always near

Know Allah all things does hear

And we'll never be far

From the plain of Karbala

From the plain of Karbala

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

We will face cursed Yazid

After evil he did lead

You will teach what is right

...In my face, he will sigh

To Allah we will return

For this meeting we do yearn

And we'll never be far

From the call of Allah

From the call of Allah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

We will fight until the end

For this love we will defend

...On Allah we will depend

For jihad is our way

From now till the Judgement Day

And these words we will pray

And we'll never be far

From the path of Allah

From the path of Allah

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

p: ۲۴

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Love of my heart, you're the light of my eyes, Husain, light of my eyes

Hadrat Abbas a.s

The Killing of Al–Abbas and his Brothers

:Hussain placated Abbas, with calm"

Amity's balm seeks; hurt Islam

,Restrain your wrath, my brother brave

,A battle, to precipitate, we don't crave

,Tis prudent, now to peer ahead'

.Don't let them act in haste – instead

Intellect, sound, they have none

Antagonism, to them is a thrilling fun

Nothing is worse than want of zeal

Its lack can a nation's fortune seal

But aimless zeal is folly's trap

In wisdom's fort 'tis a mighty gap

Their show of passion is not zeal

.This pseudo-zeal only varlets feel

Peoples sans vision were destroyed

The prudent, e'er, vision employed

,Canting spivs they all are

.Despicable insensates can't look far

,We hope our "passive defense" does work

.A "defense offensive" till last we shirk

,My cool appraisal of this mess

.Is a genuine effort to forestall distress

,The stakes are dreadfully high

.Staggering results it will imply

,Erupt will battle – will get worse

They crave and yearn for the divine curse

Left my bank my honored guests

.Swamped was I by the swarm of pests

Shorn of the honor; I was robbed

.Wept through waves, through swells I sobbed

,Lamented my ripples, my flow did wail

.Inherit I did, thus, a dolorous tale

p: ٢٥

,Water, my guests were refused, en bloc

.Agonized I was, distraught, with shock

,This Torrid Zone and simmering land

None (sans water) could stand

Capture me if not they did

To counter the foe's obnoxious bid

if access to me they didn't attempt

."Die of thirst they will, it meant

Abbas – the Lion Roars

,Abbas, his brother; fearless, grand

:Thundered, with rage, took a bold stand

Proximity of water, deny you can't

your witting Caliph's obnoxious flaunt

n sheer buffoonery, arrant nonsense!

.Convey to him scorn, intense

,Pompous pride I abhor, detest

.Like the prismatic glass 'tis just a jest

,His faith is dimmed by the lure of gold

.And conscience, to rapacity he has sold

,Drained off is his fount of sense

.And creed abandoned to vain aberrance

,Padlocked his brains, and mind is packed

.Deposed his prudence, judgement sacked

,An egregious scamp, pretentious fool

Egoism's caricature, asininity's toot

(The River recaptured (by Abbas

The river he saw at paces few

(The horizon scanned – had none in view)

,With the flag held high, he forward pressed

.The dauntless cham his command stressed

,Advanced; across the terrain he swept

(Enlarged the territorial gain (and kept

,The capture of the rill was underway

(A feat stupendous – least to say)

,The rill capture he did, with ease

(The "squatters" aberrant "lease" did cease)

,The stream, repossessed, he firmly held

(Thus showed how right at might excelled)

p: ۲۶

,His "post-repossession" earnest stance

.His eminence (further) did enhance

The priorities, apt, his balanced move)

(His sound judgement amply prove

(The rill captured (and the sway restored

With a firm resolve own drought ignored

Serenely he waded in the water - at will

A leathern container, with water did fill

Leisurely emerged in a triumphant way

.His mighty sword kept the foe at bay

,Exult did not at the blessed gain

.Zealously adhered to his purpose - main

"Water must reach the camp inmates"

(Elevated sense such resolve dictates)

"Enshrined in mind was "a camp inmate

.He knew, his return his niece did wait

,Shunned he did even a glimpse of peace

.Unless the water did reach his niece

His mettle the apostates could not match

.The container, from him couldn't snatch

,The fortunate ones who death escaped

.Froze with terror, transfixed – gaped

,Petrified, ventured not impede him

(Cocksure, their prospects were slim)

,As the abject terror played its role

:"The dragon of scare swallowed them – whole

Stealthily, a furtive foe appeared

.The arms of the valiant, brave, severed

The renegades' treacherous act did work

They this cowardice, did not shirk

,The angel's saintly wings were clipped

.The flag, he held high, lurched and dipped

The standard with his blood was red

Its bearer brave lay cold and dead

!Stifled my waves, was shocked, alas

."With grief I froze – it was Abbas

Karbala Ashura

Every Day is Ashura, and Every Land is Karbala

p: ۲۷

Every Day is Ashura, and Every Land is Karbala

By: Brother Mohamad Arab

Every day is Ashura

And every land is Karbala

O Mahdi, come to our aid

O Mahdi, answer our calls

All those Muslims who are suffering today

It's because we have lost our way

All the orphans and the sick and the needy

Are oppressed at the hands of the greedy

All the tyrants have joined together

To destroy Islam forever

As they had gathered around Karbala

It brings to light the day of Ashura

O Mahdi, come to our aid

O Mahdi, answer our calls

All humankind should awaken their conscience

To unite with Islam in one defense

When the time comes for confrontation

We all need Mahdi's consolidation

O Mahdi, come to our aid

O Mahdi, answer our calls

Every day is Ashura

And every land is Karbala

O Mahdi, come to our aid

O Mahdi, answer our calls

The Land of Karbala

The Land of Karbala

By: Brother Mohamad Arab

Click here to listen to a sound recording

Karbala, Karbala

Karbala, Karbala

Hussain was slain

His family in pain

No soldiers had remained

Women in chains

Children in pain

Yazid is to be blamed

But this is not what remains

From the land of Karbala

The knight in flames

The charging man

No child slept

The women all wept

The sound of cries

The orphans' sighs

Blood shed from the ones who died

p: ۲۸

But this is not what remains

From the land of Karbala

Karbala, Karbala

Karbala, Karbala

Hossein wrote with his blood

On the sand of Karbala

La ilaaha illa Allah

Muhammad rasul Allah

This is all that remains

From the land of Karbala

La ilaaha illa Allah

Muhammad rasul Allah

Karbala, Karbala

Karbala, Karbala

Passion of Karbala

Passion of Karbala

By: Brown-mail

Think not of those dead who died in His way

Strong images we have to remember their day

Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray

Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart's shade

?What takes you to the brink where fire meets passion

Where the colours don’t meet, they just end up clashing

Boots or bare feet lets start the mashing

,No injustice

Everybody just cash in

I came to stop this but now I’m all in

The world’s my witness how I’m never falling

A billion people ١٢ days the mourning

Absorbing all light from the night to morning

Minds prepared right no time for yawning

I wish I was there just to hear your calling

Alive for a cause that would lead to my death

,Releasing me from this spiritually bereft

state of mind that I find myself in

trying to indulge, trying to not indulge in sin

Think not of those dead who died in His way

Strong images we have to remember their day

Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray

p: ٢٩

Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart's shade

What brings you to the point where you don't know who am I

Where you question everything and you think it's all a lie

You're heart's flat-lining your soul's about to die

Re-awaken yourself your potential's sky-high

Changes happen in stealth when you need to rise

...Open your eyes and see how

...see how

a slave became a master

a child became a marytr

a sister became a brother

a mother became a father

the lost one became a lover

the found one just found another

its an endless cycle

no beginning or end

Think not of those dead who died in His way

Strong images we have to remember their day

Painted in the minds of those who abide and stray

Trying to shed this tear, to turn my heart's shade

what is the aftermath of this masacre

you drew a straight path back to the messenger

split morals in half with a clear cut line

following your family plus the nine

a chain leading back to the grace of the divine

they way your face shine makes them wanna step back

questioning whether or not they should attack

but they went forth and they never looked back

all know events of the inflicted terror

The severed palms.......of flag bearer

unquenchable thirst of the women and children

naked body no hurst not even a mention

in this cracked up world that we reside in

p: ٣٠

an infant girl never dries her eyes crying

while the enemies boast and they start to sing

revenge has been sworn to the waiting king

.peace

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

By: Anonymous

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We will continue with our fight

Until our goal comes into sight

The blood of the martyrs is our might

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We're in this war for if we're slain

We'll join the martyrs with Husain

And if we live then we will wait

To join the army of Al-Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Imam Al-Zaman is our guide

We'll fight for him side by side

We'll walk the path of Al-Hussain

To join the army of Al-Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We are the lovers of Husain

Martyrdom we seek to gain

Karbala is our history

Our future lies with Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Courage faith and certainty

Lies on the path of Imam Mahdi

p: ۳۱

We all are making this journey

To see the light of Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Come forward O you Muslim youth

Come forward and defend the truth

Like Akbar took the spear for truth

Come forth and fight for Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

We march ahead in unity

From Karbala to Imam Mahdi

Ashura

Ashura

By: Hari Kumar

The chain whips awaken

a hundred eyes on their backs

Red tears trail the streets

.to the gold-domed tomb of Husain

A golden spider with legs of blood

.Wails shake the sky the minaret props

,But today, for every lash for Husain

.a lash will tear for a warded son

http://www.harismind.com/poems.html

(The Arena (The desert of Kerbala, Iraq

A sweltering, simmering, broiling land

.Igneous, sultry, arid sand

No bramble (or thistle) it boasts

A crop of humpbacked dunes it hosts

A torrid, baking, seething place

.Even delusion, cannot verdure trace

Exhausted earth's infecund plot

.Anhydrous, husky, soapless, spot

Parched fragment of a barren world

.A glowing meteor to the earth hurled

No cheerless, forlorn cactus grows

.Hellish, blustering simoom blows

The blazing, fiery, flaming sun

.An eerie desolation; the valiant shun

A spooky silence, ominous hush

.The wind escapes it, with a rush

The terra firma appears ablaze

.The earth stunned, in a languid daze

p: ۳۲

A vision, on earth, of a virtual hell

A stretch of furnace, a fiery shell

The heatwave diffuses thermal haze

.The fervid ether forbids the gaze

The primeval sands primordial heat

With contempt does inferno treat

Behold a dauntless, valiant band

.Stands, resolutely, on this land

The Profit's grandson; with his group

.A tranquil Guild, not a militant troop

In this sombre, dreary terrain

.They, their reverence did sustain

Omar bin Sa'ad, the commander of the enemy's army came with ٣٠,٠٠٠ of troops. He made Amr bin al-Hajjaj az Zubaidi the commander of the right flank of his army and Shimr bin Thil al-Jawshan the commander of the left flank. Izra bin Qais Al-Ahnasi was made the commander of the horsemen, Shibth bin Ribi'e took charge of the

.archers

,Suddenly a deafening tumult I heard"

.Thundering of myriad hooves, converged

,A tremor struck, the earth did shake

.My tranquillity disrupted, I was awake

,Loomed, ominously, a host of swords

.Rush, headlong, did furious hordes

,The glint of tinsel arms appeared

.As their coursers they spurred

My waves, in terror, rushed, did flee

.As their identity dawned on me

,Their sinister countenance, hideous looks

.Depicted a pack of depraved crooks

,Their obliquity; their visage betrayed

(A flash flood hit me (was dismayed

Husain of Kerbala

Husain of Kerbala

By: Ameen Khorasanee

,Men weep for you today in many lands

,And on their breasts in bitter anguish beat

And in sad, mournful tunes, the tales repeat of how you

p: ۳۳

.lost your family upon the sands

You nobly spurned the tyrant's base demand and chose

,Death to prevent your soul's defeat

Became a martyr with unflinching feet

.For these well may one weep who understands

,This sorrow at your death, despite the years is still as fresh

.Which Time has failed to quell

In every heart this day new pain appears

.And of your sufferings men each other tell

They see a vision through slow falling tears of that lone

.Battle where athirst you fell

Lalljee, THe Martyrdom of Imam Husain, p.۶۰

Hussain is killed on the Plains of Kerbala

His horse, in ecstasy, danced and pranced

by his equestrian, was entranced

A perfect horse, sans any defect

.With his head high, and neck erect

Had tiger's courage, and panther's zeal

His sinews were akin to pure steel

A thoroughbred's, all traits sustained

.His sire's blood, in the veins maintained

By innate courage, he was led

In the thick of battle, had no dread

His prancing steps, and goodly shape

,The admiring eyes, with awe, did gape

,His amble faultless, a rhythmic flow

.His steps measured, neither fast nor slow

His gait, the art of music graced

.Was on rhythm, and tempo based

The aggressor's will, to act, ruptured

.He was charmed, dazzled, captured

A feeble blow, the dastard tired

Hussain parried, with contempt defied

repeated strokes, the renegade rained

Hussain remained placid, calm, restrained

He hurled defiance, and braved it out

p: ۳۴

.Thus paved the way ft)r the dastard's rout

To keep his ground, stood firm

.His superior hold he did confirm

With lofty demeanour, at a serene pace

.Hussain advanced, with chivalrous grace

Moved ahead, with careless ease

Less to liquidate him, more to tease

.The youth, in panic, turned his pack

The horse, still neighing, then headed towards camp. Once it was there, the women saw the horse stained with blood and its saddle twisted, they came out from their tents spreading their hair! unveiling their faces, beating their cheeks, screaming, seeing their glory vanish, and spontaneously taking to the place where Imam Hussain fell and died, headed by Zainab who was wailing On arriving at the scene, she put her hand under his body raising it to the level of her breast where she left the body to rest. She said, "٠ Lord! ".Accept this sacrifice from US

In the meantime Omar bin Sa'ad with a group of soldiers were approaching the scene as Imam Hussain was at the point of death. Zainab shouted at him, "Yes

Omar! Abu Abdillah is being killed and you are standing watching him perish?!" He turned .his face away from her with his tears streaming down his beard

!She said, "Woe unto you! Is there not amongst you a Muslim?" Nobody replied

Thereupon Ibn Sa'ad ordered the crowd, "Descend upon him and administer the mercy shots to him". Shimr initiated the attack; he kicked him, sat on his chest, got hold of his .blessed beard, dealt ١٢ sword blows to his body, and finally beheaded him

p: ٣٥

TRUTH

(An Eternal Message From Kerbala)

No brutal force 'gainst truth can work

.Truth will conquer, will not shirk

Tis the greatest dike, to hold back sin'

.The silencer, of the mundane din

The spiritual health, it will restore

.For moral wounds; 'tis a surest sure

Truth will strengthen sickly souls

.Plug, in the conscience, gaping holes

Truth, is not an elusive ghost

.Tis, to the righteous, a constant host'

Truth, in its exalted mood

.Is clearest mind's amplitude

Infinite" is there in every man"

.Immortalise "finite" it can

Truth, doesn't perish at death

.It does outlive the human breath

Redeemed, through truth, all can be

.XYZ and you and me

Truth, being infinitely great

.Both kings and beggars, upon it wait

Truth, individuals and Nations, makes

An infinite joy in the task it takes

Glows the universe, with its beams

.Sun and moon, are truth it seems

if the human perception's doors are clean

In every beauty truth is seen

Truth is proud, to know so much

.Its every move has wisdom's touch

Different

Water is Denied

Enervate them, this tirade did

.The foe still sustained its bid

Woe to those whose hearts were sealed

:Their promiscuous prattle, thus unveiled

Confound us not by harangues, Hussain"

.Unleash not your diatribes, in vain

The Prophet, some message did convey

.Concede, that Yazid now shows the way

To usurp the Caliphate do not try

.Your revolt, does envy imply

What the Caliph avers, is verily best

p: ۳۶

Submit, and don't his dictums test

You shouldn't his celestial place dispute

.Withhold not allegiance, pay tribute

The Caliph pilots our faith and fate

.Divinely commandeers our love and hate

"His words, divine truth contain

King of Martyrs

King of Martyrs

Author unknown; edited from the original

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Here I lie, Ya Mawlai

Run to me before I die

Oh my uncle, here's my blood

Come back to me one last time

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

I'm a martyr killed for you

Only sacrificed for you

O, uncle, what will you do

When no one remains for you

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

O Husain, why the pain

As we die here on this plain

Where's Muhammad, where is Qasim

Soldiers so young have been slain

All your loved ones, you have carried

All your young ones you have buried

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now you've witnessed all of us

Swear to you by the Qur'an

we will serve you on and on

Husain, Husain, Husain jaan

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Ya Abbas, Ya Abbas

You're the bravest one of us

As you're daring to bring water

They're preparing your slaughter

?Oh flag bearer, where's your hand

?Is it bleeding on the sand

?Will Sakina understand

.You fulfilled her last command

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now it's done, all is done

Husain, you're the only one

Here comes Shimr with his sword

His shadow blocks the setting sun

....Husain

p: ۳۷

?Is there no soul that will serve you

Master, angels don't deserve you

?Is there no soul that will serve you

Master, angels don't deserve you

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

?Husain, who will help you now

It's not true -- God won't allow

?him to kill you. Why and how

-- Oh you to whom angels bow

.Oh you to whom angels bow

.Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

,First deceit, then the heat

.Piercing pan from neck to feet

Master, all the earth, the heavens

.Weep the day of your defeat

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

;Near your sister, you are dying

Here's your mother, she is crying

;Near your sister, you are dying

Here's your mother, she is crying

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Mother, now that death is near

I sense its fragrance, see his tears

:It's the Prophet's voice I hear

;Come back to me, Husain dear"

."Come back to me, Husain dear

Husain, Husain, Husain, Husain

Now you've witnessed all of us

Swear to you by the Qur'an

We will serve you on and on

Husain, Husain, Husain jan

Husain, Husain, Husain jan

!Husain

?Sajjad, Sajjad, Where's Your Sister

?Sajjad, Sajjad, Where's Your Sister

Edited from the original by Saliha Devoe-Hijazi

:Refrain

?Sajjad, Sajjad, where's your sister

Get up, get up; look for her

Night has ended this long day

I don't know where she has strayed

Aun and Muhammad were sacrificed

Didn't shed a tear as they gave their lives

p: ۳۸

Now my tears are streaming

Where are you? Sakina's missing

?How many times did she scream

Ya Rabb, would it were a dream

Shook and shivered from what she saw

?How will she go on, if at all

Sajjad, maybe she'll shear you call

Hurry hurry now, don't you stall

Shimr mal'oun lurks nearby

You must find her; you must try

She lost her loved ones one by one

Saw them all leave her after dawn

She rubed her eyes in disbelief

Too little to bear so much grief

She hugged herself and rocket to sleep

Dreaming of her baba's sweet

Embrace. Those same arms shackled like a slave

Her dear father now lay slain

Earrings a gift from her father

Torn from her ears, stolen by Shimr

Her hurting ears shredded like her heart

O for those earrings Sakina mourned

She desperately grabbed the horse's legs

Pleaded and begged as the animal neighed

Please don't take my father away

Please don't take my father away

Her her crying for her Abbas

As his limp body slides from his horse

His holy banner slipped from his side

Abbas has fallen; Abbas has died

Ran her fingers through her father's berad

As he wiped away her little tears

Kissed and cuddled her as best he could

Sakina's gone now for good

?Why have all her brothers gone to sleep

Sakina falls; hear her weep

?Akbar, Qassim, Abbas -- where are you

Tell me, tell me what to do

p: ٣٩

Don't look as Shimr cuts off his head

The desert sands now run red

They loot his body all at once

O, Sakina, your father's gone

Sajjad Zaynab fear not, can't you hear

I am here, and father's near

Come to me" did my father call"

?Can't you hear him too? Where are you all

?Can't you hear him too? Where are you all

The Infant Martyr

,Holding a babe was he in arms"

of water deprived, 'gainst humane norms

Like fading stars, his eyes did show

.His wavy hair by the wind did blow

,The babe hovered between life and death

.Breathing he was an erratic breath

,Hussain did gently hold his hand

.This tender touch was a magic wand

,A smile flickered, at the baby's face

.Appeared a sweetness, lovely grace

:An innocent gesture, to quietly tell

."Worry not father, all is well"

A died-down candle just flickered)

(.Briefly, a sinking ship anchored

,True love played its mystic part

A conscious heart knew a conscious heart

Hussain caressed the babe, with care

.With fingers combed his wavy hair

,A babe subjected to pangs of thirst)

(By the despicable, Caliphs, heartless, worst

,His drought was "slaked" by the wild mob

.An archers arrow, did its job

,Appalled was nature, did providence weep

".The babe in his father's arms, did "sleep

,With his firm, unshaking hand

,The father dug the glowing sand

,An emotions' tempest, though did blow

p: ۴۰

.No solitary tear, his grief did show

,His visage reflected a desolate grace

A muffled anguish engulfed his face

The babe he put in the gloomy grave

This charming gift to Islam he gave

The Night of Martyrdom

The Night of Martyrdom

By: Sarojini Naidu

Blackrobed, barefooted, with dim eyes that rain

,Wild tears in memory of thy woeful plight

And hands that in blind, rhythmic anguish smite

Their bloodstained bosoms to sad refrain

,From the old haunting legion of thy pain

Thy votaries mourn thee through the tragic night

,With mystic dirge and melancholy rite

!Crying to thee - Husain! Husain

?Why do thy myriad lovers so lament

Sweet saint, is not thy matchless martyrhood

The living banner and brave covenant

Of the high creed thy Prophet did proclaim

Bequeathing for the world's beautitude

?Th' enduring loveliness of Allah's name

Naidu, The Feathers of the Dawn, p.۶

Vale of Sorrow

Vale of Sorrow

By: T. D. Chattani

Through the Vale of sorrow does history trace

Tow matchless martyrs our Prophet's pets

Who left their hearts with Islamic grace

In hunger and thirst their duty to face

Severed from home, exhasted on the field

Opposed by enemies who had Satan's shield

They gave their lives that others be freed

From falsehood, tyranny and a Kafir's creed

Most precious blood flowed from their veins

Battlefield of Karbala has still those stains

p: ۴۱

From our hearts should rush rivers of blood

!.Renewing our faith with this vital flood

Al-Hur bin Yazid seeks Forgiveness

Your predilection for conceit"

And profane wiles, entranced with deceit

Have driven me to prove, with sword, my case

.To screw my courage to the sticking place

When my sword, to act, is forced

.My views, by the apostates, are endorsed

Bathed in the foe's infernal blood

.Zooms, imbrued, through the gory flood

(As I draw my sword (and wield

.premptorily the rivals yield

A conquest, when I plan to clinch

.To elude the battle the bravest flinch

Launch an assault, and attack you do

.A veritable rock will confront you

In your quest to win; prevail

Assume the aggressive; charge; then fail

To feed hell's fire, be dispatched

.Midst devils perform misdeeds, unmatched

Warning to the People of Kufa

When mortals to heinous gains are lured"

Their doom, eternal, is procured

Wallow in lustful lap of wealth

With a joyful face, sparkling health

Gloat over, regale, waver not

Indulge, frolic; then meet your lot

Perpetual remorse, unceasing pain

(Ceaselessly equate the ephemeral gain)

Truth sustains, exists, prevails

,Knavery flops, infamy fails

Repent you surely will, I warn

.Callously, my "platitudes" you scorn

A dealer in platitudes, I am not

Explicit support for the faith I sought

Sanity, ethics, sense I preach

.Pursue I do whatever I teach

With effortless clarity I speak

I never talk with tongue-in-cheek

A torch, to light your way I show

.Follow its beam and safely go

p: ۴۲

Initiate don't an abject act

.Tis futile if done and then retract'

All discernible trends in human thought

About center

In the name of Allah

هَلْيَسْتَوِيالَّذِينَيَعْلَمُونَوَالَّذِينَلَايَعْلَمُونَ

?Are those who know equal to those who do not know

al-Zumar: ٩

:Introduction

Ghaemiyeh Computer Research Institute of Isfahan, from ٢٠٠٧, under the authority of Ayatollah Haj SayyedHasanFaqihImami (God blesses his soul), by sincere and daily efforts of university and seminary elites and sophisticated groups began its activities in .religious, cultural and scientific fields

:Manifesto

Ghaemiyeh Computer Research Institute of Isfahan in order to facilitate and accelerate the accessibility of researchers to the books and tools of research, in the field of Islamic science, and regarding the multiplicity and dispersion of active centers in this field and numerous and inaccessible sources by a mere scientific intention and far from any kind of social, political, tribal and personal prejudices and currents, based on performing a project in the shape of (management of produced and published works from all Shia centers) tries to provide a rich and free collection of books and research papers for the experts, and helpful contents and discussions for the educated generation and all classes .of people interested in reading, with various formats in the cyberspace

:Our Goals are

(propagating the culture and teachings of Thaqalayn (Quran and Ahlulbayt p.b.u.t-

encouraging the populace particularly the youth in investigating the religious issues-

replacing useful contents with useless ones in the cellphones, tablets and computers-

providing services for seminary and university researchers-

spreading culture study in the publich-

paving the way for the publications and authors to digitize their works-

:Policies

acting according to the legal licenses-

relationship with similar centers-

avoiding parallel working-

merely presenting scientific contents-

mentioning the sources-

.It’s obvious that all the responsibilities are due to the author

:Other activities of the institute

Publication of books, booklets and other editions-

Holding book reading competitions-

Producing virtual, three dimensional exhibitions, panoramas of religious and tourism- places

.Producing animations, computer games and etc-

Launching the website with this address: www.ghaemiyeh.com-

Fabricatingdramatic and speech works-

Launching the system of answering religious, ethical and doctrinal questions-

Designing systems of accounting, media and mobile, automatic and handy systems, web- kiosks

Holding virtual educational courses for the public-

Holding virtual teacher-training courses-

Producing thousands of research software in three languages (Persian, Arabic and- English) which can be performed in computers, tablets and cellphones and available and downloadable with eight international formats: JAVA, ANDROID, EPUB, CHM, PDF, HTML, CHM, GHB on the website

Also producing four markets named “Ghaemiyeh Book Market” with Android, IOS,- WINDOWS PHONE and WINDOWS editions

:Appreciation

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:Address of the central office

Isfahan, Abdorazaq St, Haj Mohammad JafarAbadei Alley, Shahid Mohammad HasanTavakkoly Alley, Number plate ١٢٩, first floor

Website: www.ghbook.ir

Email: Info@ghbook.ir

Central office Tel: ۰۹۱۳۲۰۰۰۱۰۹

۰۲۱ ـ Tehran Tel: ۸۸۳۱۸۷۲۲

Commerce and sale: ۰۹۱۳۲۰۰۰۱۰۹

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